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# The Spy

BY

ELIZABETH WILSON.



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# THE SPY

**A Revolutionary War Play in Four Acts**

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By **ELIZABETH WILSON**

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**FRANKLIN, OHIO.**

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## CHARACTERS AS THEY APPEAR.

MRS. HAYWOOD—Wife of the late Major Haywood.

SUSAN HAYWOOD—Her daughter.

DOROTHY JOHNSON—Susan's best friend.

UNCLE PETER—An old negro servant.

NANCY HAYWOOD—A cousin—Daughter of an American Scout Commander.

DICK HAYWOOD—Susan's brother—A Scout.

LIEUTENANT PAGE—Of the American Scouts—Susan's lover.

COLONEL LIVINGSTONE—Of the British Scouts.

MAJOR ABBOT—Of the British Scouts.

SMYTHE—An orderly.

GENERAL HAYWOOD—Of the American Scouts.

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Time—Early spring of 1781.

Place—Home of late Major Haywood in the northern part of South Carolina.

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# THE SPY.

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## ACT I.

*(Scene, Living Room at the Haywood Home.  
As the curtain rises Mrs. H. is sitting at table,  
center, sewing. Susan busy paring apples.)*

*Susan.* Mother, haven't cousin Nancy and Uncle Peter come yet?

*Mrs. H.* No, dear. Uncle Peter left just after breakfast and it's almost five o'clock but they are not here yet. Poor little girl, it will be a long, hard ride for her. I will brew her a cup of herbs for I'm sure she'll be utterly fatigued when she arrives. They ought to be here at any moment now.

*Susan.* I do think it's a shame, when Dorothy just came yesterday to make me a nice little visit, for uncle John to consider it safer for Nancy to be with us than way over there where the British haven't been for months. Why couldn't she have waited a week or two?

*Mrs. H.* Why, Susan! I'm heartily ashamed of you. In these troublesome war times you know it is much safer for your cousin Nancy to be with us than twelve miles from the public highway with servants. Your uncle John knows best and I'm sure if your father were alive he would insist upon it. Besides, my dear, Nancy is four years your junior and will not disturb you and Dorothy in the least I'm sure.

*(Enter Dorothy. Susan rushes at her affectionately.)*

*Mrs. H.* Come in my dear. I was just going to tell Susan of her cousin's affliction. Her father wrote me that she had a bad fall last autumn and that it injured her brain. Although the poor child never suffers, her mind is weak and she is very childish, so you girls must be kind to her.

*Dorothy.* Indeed we shall be, Mistress Haywood.

*Susan.* Why, mother. I didn't know that before! Why didn't uncle John let us know? I'm sorry I talked that way. Of course she'll be safer here.

*Mrs. H.* My dear girl, you must remember that your uncle is commander of a large number of scouts and I hardly think has time for outside correspondence.

*Susan.* Mother, are scouts ever spies.

*Mrs. H.* Sometimes, yes. When a scout is in the enemy's territory seeking information for his side, he is a spy.

*Dorothy.* It certainly must take a brave person to be one.

(*Noise Outside.*)

*Mrs. H.* There they are now.

(*Mrs. H. goes to door, girls to window. Enter Peter dragging small trunk followed by Nancy with large rag doll and a satchel, she is shy and awkward.*)

*Peter.* Missus, heah am Miss Nancy. Heah she be. I done tried to hurry dat ole mule but no mattah how hahd I tries he goes jes persackly hes own way.

(*Exit with trunk, R.*)

*Mrs. H.* (Kisses her.) I'm so glad to see you dear. This is Aunt Sophie. Don't you remember me? And this is Susan. (Nancy looks blank.)

*Susan.* Goodness Nancy—how you have grown! This is Dorothy Johnson; my best friend. I want you to look, mother. She'll soon be as tall as I am. You certainly have grown.

(*Exit Mrs. H., shaking her head sadly.*)

*Nancy.* I haven't grown either. This is the same dress I had last spring and the same hat and the same mitts. I'm not sure but I'm afraid my feet's grown.

(*Enter Mrs. H. with herb tea.*)

*Mrs. H.* Here, Nancy, drink this cup of hot herbs.

It will warm you up and make you feel better. I'm sorry I haven't tea for you.

(Enter Peter for bag.)

*Nancy.* I wouldn't drink any old English tea if you did have. (Tastes and makes awful face.)

(*Girls laugh and Uncle Peter nearly bends double.*  
*Exit Peter with bag laughing.*)

*Susan.* What's that you have in your arm, *Nancy*? A doll? Let's see it.

*Nancy.* (Panic-stricken, clasping doll to her.) No! No! you shan't touch her. You shan't. (Sadly.) Now that daddy's off at war and I've been sent over here, Melindy's all I've got. And you can't take her from me. (Beginning to cry.)

(*Girls look at each other in utter amazement.*)

*Mrs. H.* Poor child. You're tired and nervous after that long drive. Come, I will take you to your room and you can rest.

(*Exit Mrs. H. and Nancy.*)

*Susan.* Poor little thing. Isn't it pitiful? And she used to be so bright. (Sits on divan.)

*Dorothy.* Yes, indeed it is. I met her father, Colonel Haywood, when his company of scouts were camping in our neighborhood last month. They were there for several days and the officers ate at our house and I persuaded your uncle to let Dick come several times when he was off duty. (Goes to window.) Dick is a nice boy.

*Susan.* How is he?

*Dorothy.* Just as foolish and sassy as ever—the same old Dick.

*Susan.* Did you meet Lieutenant Page?

*Dorothy.* (Turning.) Who?

*Susan.* I said did you—meet Lieutenant Palmer?

*Dorothy.* Yes. Isn't he a bore?

*Susan.* And were Colonel Stetford and Major Ford there?

*Dorothy.* Yes, all the officers.

*Susan.* Oh-eh. Lieutenant Page?

*Dorothy.* (Coming back to divan.) Yes. Isn't he attractive? He was over home all the time he was off duty. When we found out that we both knew you so well we felt like old friends. He has such genteel manners. Don't you think him extremely nice?

*Susan.* Well, yes—rather.

*Dorothy.* I had a letter from him the other day. He writes such interesting ones. He said—(*Susan jumps up and starts toward the door*)—Why, what's the matter?

*Susan.* I must go and see if mother does not want me.

*Dorothy.* Oh, Mistress Haywood doesn't need you, you know. Let me tell you what Lieutenant Page said?

*Susan.* I'm perfectly indifferent as to the contents of Robert Page's note. (*Leaves room hurriedly.*)

*Dorothy.* What can be the matter with Susan? Oh, a lovers' quarrel I suppose. It's too bad she objects to his sending his kindest regards to our friend Susan and her mother. (Musingly.) Well, if that's the way Susan feels about it, then I need no longer stand back on her account, but make myself as attractive as possible to Lieutenant Page. (*Jumps up and goes to mirror and primpes.*) I think I shall go to my room and answer his note and send it over to the camp at my first opportunity. (*Exit.*)

(Enter Nancy, R. and Uncle Peter at door. Uncle Peter greatly agitated.)

*Peter.* Foh de lan's sake, wheah am de Missus?

*Nancy.* Uncle Peter, what is it? Tell me.

*Peter.* I jes been down to de spring house and while I'se dah, Missus Pembahton, she driv by and she hol-lahs from de road dat dem British-ahs was a pitchin' camp about free miles up de road.

*Nancy.* The British! Are you sure?

*Peter.* Yes um! Missus Pembahton sho dun say British scouts. Oh Lawd hab mercy on de poah ole sinners. (*Moans.*)

*Nancy.* Uncle Peter, tell me exactly what she said.

*Peter.* She say dat der British routs—s-sc-scouts was a pitchin' camp five miles up the road and I mus hurry and tell de Missus.

(*Pulls a revolver out of her doll and points it at him. He falls on his knees moaning and groaning.*)

*Nancy.* Uncle Peter, don't you dare say one word to Aunt Sophie about the British until I tell you to. Get up from there this minute and don't look so scared. I'm not going to hurt you if you keep still and do as I say. I'm not crazy at all. I have perfectly good common sense. If you don't believe me I'll tell you this and I guess you will. I am one of my father's scouts. He sent me here as a spy to watch the movements of the British. Don't mention this to Aunt Sophie. Do you hear? For father doesn't want me to deceive her this way but he needed me here. I know she would be nervous if she realized the danger I am constantly in. (*Puts pistol back in doll.*) Now you go back to the kitchen and remember—not by word or deed to let them know the British are near, or that I am a spy. Do you understand?

*Peter.* Yes mum. I understands youse a spy. Yes mum!

*Nancy.* But you are not to let anyone know.

*Peter.* No 'um. Oh no 'um. I'll keep my mouth shet tight.

*Nancy.* I must get to my father's camp to-night. How soon will supper be ready?

*Peter.* In just a little while missy.

*Nancy.* Then tell Aunt Sophie I didn't care for any supper—only wished to rest—so I retired early. Do you understand? Now remember.

*Peter.* Yas 'um! I'll tell de missus. (*Exit Nancy.*) Now when dis heah niggah forgets des pas few minutes, when dat little gal tells me all of a sudden she ain't crazy and she's a spy, and pints a pistol at me all in de same bream, um! Well, when I forgets dat I'll be a dead niggah sleepin' peacefully in de graveyard, show nuff. Des heah times is awful wid dem British bullets a zizzlin obah youah head and little gals runnin' round pinting pistols.

(*Exit shaking head. Enter Dorothy reading note.*)

*Dorothy.* There, now, Lieutenant Robert Hamilton Page, is a note written in my neatest hand and best style. I hope it will suit your high, fastidious taste. (*Courtesy. Goes to the cupboard and gazes at the picture of Dick musingly:*) Dick Haywood you are nice—yes I do like you a great deal, but you're not as good looking as Robert Page. I remember when I was a little girl I used nearly to cry my eyes out because you wouldn't notice me. (*Laughs.*) And now its time for you to shed a few tears. Well, I guess I had better remove these ink stains from my hands before supper. (*Enter Susan.*) Susan, I'm going to my room to fix for supper. I'll be down in a minute. (*Exit.*)

*Susan.* All right. (*Strolls to table and sees note.*) So you have a regular correspondence have you? That's the reason you have for not writing me is it, Lieutenant Page? I've found you out. That's what you call being true to a girl is it? And to think for over a year I've believed in you, loved you, trusted—And Dorothy, my very best friend, accepting my hospitality and writing letters to the man I love. Well, I guess not. (*Starts toward R.*) No, if you can go six weeks without writing me a word you can wait six weeks longer to learn that I don't love you any more. Oh, why have I been so blind? Why have I been so foolish? I'm glad I understand you both before I waste any more love on either of you.

(*Enter Mrs. H., R.*)

*Mrs. H.* Susan, what do you think about having some

of the farm hands stay in the house at night just for safety? I've been talking the matter over with Peter and although he encouraged the plan heartily this morning before he left, I am unable to make him express an opinion now. What do you think?

*Susan.* Mother, I don't think its necessary as yet. If the British move nearer I think it would be wise, but not now. Really I don't see any need tonight.

*Mrs. H.* Very well. But remember my dear, Uncle Peter is too old to be of any real protection. Why Nancy is more. He is so nervous now, trying to set the table for supper that I'm really worried about him. He jumps at the slightest noise and almost runs to obey your slightest wish.

*Susan.* Oh, don't worry about Uncle Peter. He was too old for that ride today. The British are not going to bother us. Mother, remember Uncle John's scouts are only three miles away.

(Enter Dorothy.)

*Dorothy.* Oh, is their camp only three miles? Then I can easily get some one to carry a letter for me in the morning, can I not? It seems to me as if they might call on us if they are that close.

*Mrs. H.* Why, my dear, they only pitched camp there yesterday, and you know they don't play. General Haywood sends out scouting parties to obtain the lay of the land and off on dangerous missions. I am sure that Dick has not been able to obtain even an hour's furlough, or he would have been here.

(Enter Peter.)

*Peter.* (Bowing and very dignified.) Breakfast—er—a—dinner am—a—supper am serbahed.

*Mrs. H.* Susan, go call Nancy.

*Peter.* No-eh-uh-no 'um, Miss Nancy (*shaking*) dun tol me to tell you she was tighed and to please excuse heah. She retighed early.

*Mrs. H.* Poor child. I know she must be tired. Come girls.

(Exit all. Girls chatting. Uncle Peter blows out all but one candlestick. Enter Nancy, R. Dressed in long dark cloak and hood with Melindy clutched tightly in her arms. She stealthily slips across room and out at the French window.)

*Peter.* (gazing after her).. She may not be daffy but she acts mighty lak it and she will shorely git into trouble if she goes galavantin' 'round dat British camp all by her lonesome. (Takes up candle and exits.)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

(Scene, same as Act I. As the curtain rises the candles are lighted. Mrs. Haywood, Susan, and Dorothy are sitting around the table sewing and singing some pretty old ballad. Nancy looks in at the window, smiles, turns and beckons. Page and Dick appear and look in window. The three are seen whispering in silence, then the two men disappear. A shrill whistle is heard.)..

*Mrs. H.* Listen! (Whistle repeated.)

*Susan.* It's Dick.

(Mrs. H. and Susan rush for the door. Sounds of welcome outside. Dorothy waits at door. Enter Page.)

*Page.* Well, Miss Dorothy! This is a surprise! I'm delighted.

*Dorothy.* It seems as if we were rather left out on this doesn't it? But it's time you were calling on us. (Enter Dick, Mrs. H., and Susan.)

*Dick.* We wouldn't be here now if it weren't for me. Tell them, Rob.

*Page.* Well, Colonel Haywood got a message this afternoon that caused him to give orders for breaking

camp and moving tonight. Dick was pitched from a horse yesterday. The General didn't consider him able to take the rough ride tonight so he ordered me to bring him home to rest up. The messenger seemed to think it perfectly safe, so here we are. (*Smiles and nods at Nancy through the window.*)

*Mrs. H.* Poor boy, come let me get you something hot to drink and dress your arm. (*Rings bell. Enter Uncle Peter.*) Peter, herb tea for two. Come Richard.

(*Exit Mrs. H. and Dick talking. Susan starts. Page steps in front of her.*)

*Page.* Susan—

*Susan.* Lieutenant Page, will you please let me pass? (*Page steps aside and stares after her.*)

*Dorothy.* Lieutenant Page, here is my answer to your note. I was just wondering how I could send it to you but now I can deliver it in person. (*Courtesies and hands it to him.*) (*He bows in return and absent-mindedly puts it in his pocket.*)

*Page.* So kind of you, Miss Dorothy. I certainly appreciate it. (*Keeps watching door.*) I hardly dared hope to get a reply and so quickly. Are you all quite well here?

*Dorothy.* Yes indeed. In perfect health, thank you. And is everyone well at General Haywood's camp? By the way, the general's daughter is here visiting us. You know she had a severe fall last autumn and it affected her brain. I never heard the particulars but the poor child is hopelessly demented. Have you ever seen her?

*Page.* Yes, I have seen Nancy Haywood. Quite a remarkable child.

*Dorothy.* But have you seen her lately?

*Page.* Yes. I meant she was remarkably odd. (*Still watches the door.*)

*Dorothy.* Won't you sit down? (*Page starts.*) You seem very anxious for something to drink. (*He sits*

*down.) Was it very cold out tonight? (Looks demurely but coquettishly up at him.)*

*Page.* Cold? Why no it wasn't cold. (*Rouses himself and turns his attention to her.*) Uh— What an exquisite locket you have on Miss Dorothy. And who is the fortunate fellow, whose picture it contains?

*Dorothy.* No one. (*Smiling up at him.*)

*Page.* Tut, Tut! That will never do. Let me show you my miniature. (*Takes out locket containing miniature of Susan.*) Have you ever seen her before?

*Dorothy.* Why it's Susan. I never saw it before.

*Page.* No, she never did either. An artist she met while she was at school in Baltimore painted it from memory. (*Returns to his pocket.*) Now you see what an example I have set. (*Enter Susan with tray.*) And you should follow it and not let your locket go to waste. (*Susan tries to withdraw, rattles a cup, regains self-composure, and with cold yet gracious manner:*)

*Susan.* Pardon me, Lieutenant Page, but mother was sure you would want a cup of hot herbs before you start on an all night ride. (*Hands to him.*) You didn't care for any did you, Dorothy? (*Dorothy shakes her head.*) I thought not. I'll put the cookies where you both can reach them.

(*Exit Susan.* *Page and Dorothy look at each other amazed.*)

*Dorothy.* What is the trouble between you and Susan? You told me that you were such good friends and intimated both in our talks and in your note of your high esteem for her. And then you carry her miniature, and yet when I mentioned your name this afternoon she jumped up and left the room. It is so unlike Susan. What is the matter?

*Page.* I was just going to ask you. You know more about it than I do. I didn't know anything was wrong until she treated me so coolly when I came. Before tonight we had always been the best of friends. In fact, I think more of her than any other person in the world,

and always shall. (*Gets up and paces floor.*) Miss Dorothy, Susan's regard for me means more than you can imagine. Will you help me find the cause of her sudden indifference?

*Dorothy.* Indeed I will. Susan is my best and dearest friend, and anything that concerns her concerns me and I will do my best to help you.

*Page.* I shall appreciate it more than I will ever be able to tell you. (*Enter Mrs. H., Dick, and Susan. Dick and Susan notice Dorothy and Page.*) I pledge my friendship for life. (*Kisses hand.*)

*Mrs. H.* Now Dick, dear, don't you think you had better retire? I'm afraid you've overdone yourself already.

*Dick.* Yes mother, in a minute. But I'm all right. I only felt tired after that five mile ride over so rough a road. It just jarred me up a bit.

*Susan.* Dick, how on earth did you keep your saddle and the middle of the road at the same time with a dislocated shoulder and a sprained wrist.

*Dick.* (*Sleepily.*) Oh, it was easy enough with Nancy. (*Page frowns.*) I held on all right and she kept the road.

*All.* Nancy. (*Dick looks scared.*)

*Page.* Yes, Nancy is a good reliable horse. Really the safest in the camp and knows these roads well. That's the reason I got her for Dick to ride.

*Dick.* Yes, Nancy is a good easy-going horse. And really they treat me like an invalid, when I only intend to stay here tonight and tomorrow. It was the all night ride that would have been too much for me, even on Nancy. The British scouts, I mean about fifty of Tarlaton's men that he detached to get the lay of the land here in the south, are approaching. Uncle John got word of their maneuvers and decided to break camp, scatter, and await developments. I was more bother than help in this condition so he sent me home for you to mend.

*Mrs. M.* Did you know your cousin Nancy was here?

*Dick.* Yes, Uncle John said he had sent her to you. Seems as if he is in the habit of unloading his undesirables on you.

*Dorothy.* Now, Dick. You know you don't think you are undesirable.

*Dick.* Well, I know I'm a sorry looking sight right now, so I guess I'll remove this blurr from off the landscape. (*Gets up and starts for door, followed by Mrs. H.*) Page, take good care of yourself and the boys. I'll be with you in a day or two. Good night, girls. I'll see you in the morning. Mother, are you coming with me? All right. Good night everybody. (*Exit Mrs. H. and Dick.*)

*All.* Good night.

*Dorothy.* Oh, Mrs. Haywood, wait a moment. I want to ask you something. (*Exit.*) *Susan starts but Page stands in front of door.*)

*Page.* I must have a word with you before I leave. I must hurry for I have a special, delicate, and dangerous mission tonight, but I can't leave you in this way. What is it that has come between us since I last saw you? Look at me, Susan. (*She goes back to the table.*) Don't you love me any more?

*Susan.* Do you love me any more?

*Page.* What makes you ask that?

*Susan.* Why did you ask it?

*Page.* Because you are acting as if you utterly despised me and wished to avoid me above all things.

*Susan.* Do you think you acted as if you loved me as madly as you declared?

*Page.* Yes. If I have acted otherwise I was unaware of the fact. Please cite one instance of indifference on my part.

*Susan.* I suppose you don't consider not writing for six months, indifference.

*Page.* (*Greatly relieved. Draws packet of letters from pocket.*) Oh, is that all? My dear Susan, I thought

you were sensible enough to know if you didn't hear from me it was because it was impossible to get word to you. You told me before I left that you would understand, so why—

*Susan. (Facing him. Does not see letters.)* Yes you thought I was sensible enough for that, but not sensible enough to resent your being able to correspond with other girls. (*A flash of understanding on Page's face. He starts to hand her the letters. She moves to the window and stands gazing out. Then desperately—*) I'm glad, Lieutenant Page, I've found out your infidelity.

*Page. (Pauses.)* Susan—you can't mean—surely you couldn't object—Susan, answer my question. Do you love me?

*Susan. No! (Page starts. Puts letters back into pocket.)* I hate you. I despise you. I don't ever want to lay eyes on you again.

*Page.* You may never. I'm going out tonight as a spy. My country needs certain papers in the hands of the British and I go to obtain them. I feel somehow that I may never see you again. (*pauses. Susan gasps.*) Good-bye Susan. (*Susan turns from him, bites her lip.*)

*Susan.* Good-bye.

*(Page walks to the door, turns, and gazes at her. Takes out miniature, gazes from one to the other, presses the miniature to his lips, and sadly, slowly, leaves the room. (Lights low.) Susan runs to the window and looks out then buries her face in her hands, sobbing.)*

CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

*(Garden at the Haywood's. As curtain rises, Dick is holding yarn for Dorothy.)*

*Dorothy.* Oh—do stop your foolishness and be sensible for a few minutes. You've been talking nonsense long enough.

*Dick.* But, Dorothy, it's not nonsense. If you could

only see how beautiful you are with the light falling on your hair—

*Dorothy.* (*Spitefully.*) It is too bad that your love for the beauty of my hair should overcome your love for your country's freedom, and make you perfectly contented to stay at home and wind yarn, and spin yarns—

*Dick.* Stop! You know that the Doctor forbade my leaving for a day or two yet. And also Uncle sent word that he didn't need me, so am I not justified in enjoying to the utmost the pleasures of home, and the beauties it shelters?

*Dorothy.* No, not when Susan is so worried and sad.

*Dick.* By Jove! First it's my country, and then it's my sister. What's the matter with Susan?

*Dorothy.* I don't know. That's just it. But you are certainly blind if you haven't noticed how dreamy and sad she is.

*Dick.* Sad? Why, I thought she seemed gayer than usual lately.

*Dorothy.* Yes, when we're around, she is, but watch her the next time she doesn't know you're looking. She's been this way ever since the night you came home. Can't you guess what it is?

*Dick.* Well, I don't see why she should object to my being at home.

*Dorothy.* Spoiled thing!

*Dick.* The only other reason I can think of, is that she is miserable over seeing her brother's heart so trampled on.

*Dorothy.* Good gracious! You're so dense. Didn't you know that she and Lieutenant Page were in love?

*Dick.* Yes, I knew that, but why should that make her sad? They've loved each other ever since the first time I brought him home from school with me.

*Dorothy.* But it's all broken off now. Something happened before you came home last week, and that night she told him she didn't love him, and he asked me

to try to straighten things out for him. He gave me a whole packet of letters when he left to give her, if she ever spoke of him. Here they are—(*draws from bag*)—for she's never even hinted at his name and she gets paler and paler, and thinner and thinner. Oh, Dick, we simply must do something.

*Dick.* I'll do whatever you say, but, I can't tell a thing about girls. They're all queer.

*Dorothy.* There she comes, now, with Nancy. The child was gone so long Mistress Haywood got worried and sent Susan to find her. She seems to love to be by herself and roam about so. Last night after supper your mother found her going out the garden gate in a great hurry. She has forbidden her walking on the public highway but this is the third time we've caught her there.

*Dick.* Oh, don't worry about it and don't let them. No one would bother her, and she has enough sense to get home anyway. You girls must not go after her again. Send Uncle Peter, or tell me. (*Enter Nancy and Susan.*)

*Nancy.* And, Susan, there was a little bird, high up in a tree, that was singing me the prettiest song—all about spring, sure enough spring, with flowers, and trees, and grass, and rippling brooks, and soft breezes, and then,—and then,—you—came, Susan, and he flew away. 'Oh, why did you come? Last night the sunset was calling me, but Aunt Sophie stopped it. Oh, why won't you let me be happy? (*Walks over and sits on woodpile.*)

*Dorothy.* Susan, it is so nice out here, don't go in, stay here with us.

*Susan.* Thanks, but I was helping mother with some sewing, when she sent me after Nancy, and I had better get back to that. I may be out later. (*Exit.*)

*Dick.* I don't see anything the matter with Susan. She looks and acts the same as usual. (*Nancy listens.*)

*Dorothy.* Well, you must be blind then. She does

love him or she wouldn't worry like that. Oh, if I could only give her these letters.

*Dick.* Why don't you?

*Dorothy.* But, *Dick*, I promised I wouldn't.

*Dick.* Why didn't he give them to her, if he wrote them to her?

*Dorothy.* That's what I asked him. He said he had intended to but she had said something that hurt his pride, so he didn't. (*Nancy gets up and starts toward house.*)

*Dick.* Well, I don't see why *Page* should worry you with his troubles. Come, you've been knitting long enough. Let's walk to the gate and back.

*Dorothy.* All right, I'm tired of sitting still so long. (*They get up and start off. Enter Nancy running.*)

*Nancy.* Miss *Dorothy*, Aunt Sophie wants you, please.

*Dorothy.* I'll be back in just a minute. (*Exit.*)

*Nancy.* *Dick*, a half dozen red-coats are coming down the road, headed for here. I saw them from my window. You go in the house and keep the women amused, and I'll manage the British. They are probably looking for you. I told you not to walk in the cotton field this morning. But go in quick and leave things to me. If they start in I'll laugh real loud and you hide some place—You know best where—don't let the women know until they start in. Now hurry—

*Dick.* But *Nancy*—

*Nancy.* *Dick*, I'm father's spy, now, fighting the Red-coats. Do as I say and—hurry. Get in quick. (*He exits toward house. Enter Livingstone and Abbot.*) You mean old Red-coat, you can't have my doll. (*Stamps foot.*)

*Colonel L.* Child, I don't want your doll, I want to see *Mr. Haywood*.

*Nancy.* You can't see him, and you won't ever, cause he's gone to heaven, and Red-coats go to the other place.

*Colonel.* I mean young *Dick Haywood*.

*Nancy.* Oh, you must be the man he was expecting. He told Aunt Sophie that we'd better leave, 'cause an old Britisher would be around here soon. So Uncle Peter hitched up and we all got in and started over to a cousin of somebody's down the pike there. (*Points.*) They got ahead of you that time, didn't they Mr. Britisher? (*Laughs.*)

*Colonel.* Where did you say they went?

*Nancy.* Right down that road, long time ago.

*Major.* Colonel, is the child telling you the truth? We've passed her on the road and you know her mind's not right.

*Colonel.* But why did they leave you here?

*Nancy.* They didn't leave me here. Dick and Uncle Peter were in the front seat, and Aunt Sophie and Susan in the back seat, so they put me in the back, with my feet hanging out. They thought I couldn't hear them talking, but I could, and they were talking about you old Britishers, and I'se afraid you'd get my doll. So I slide out and comed back for it, and now you can't have it. (*Starts off.*)

*Colonel.* Where are you going?

*Nancy.* Why, I'm going to catch up with them. (*Starts on.*)

*Colonel.* The child must be telling the truth, she hasn't sense enough not to. Come we mustn't waste time. Order the men to turn and go down the road on the gallop. (*Exit Major.*) Little girl, I'm going your way, I'll take you on the horse with me.

*Nancy.* No you won't. I won't ride on an old Britisher horse.

*Colonel.* (*Laughing.*) Well, don't walk too fast. We'll all be back in a little while. (*Exit both.* *Galloping heard outside.*)

(*Enter Peter, looks off down road and sighs. Enter Dick cautiously.*)

*Peter.* Marse Dick, dar was some Britishahs heah, I

seen 'em from the bahn, and little Miss Nancy, she jes' talk to dem, and dey jes went galloping off like de bery ole devil he'sself was aftah dem. (*Chuckles.*) Laws oh mersy, dat chile's a wondah."

*Dick.* Uncle Peter, don't mention this to the girls.

*Peter.* I won't. No sah. Miss Nancy done told me what she'd do to me if I did. I done keep my mouf shut. Naw sah, I won't say nothing-nothin' at all. (*Exit. Enter Nancy.*)

*Nancy.* They are way over the top of the hill now. (*Drops on bench laughing.*)

*Dick.* How did you do it?—What did you tell them—Why did you follow them down the road?

*Nancy.* They were after you. I told them you were expecting them, so the whole family started to drive to a cousin's up that road, about half an hour ago, and that I slipped out of the back of the wagon and came after my doll. And they, Colonel Livingston and Major Abbot, of the British Scouts, believed all I said. They've passed me several times on the road and they thought I didn't have any more sense than to tell them all I knew. My, but they're dull!

*Dick.* Nancy, you're a slick one. You're worth all the rest of your father's scouts put together.

*Nancy.* I saw Father this afternoon.

*Dick.* Saw your father?

*Nancy.* Yes, he told me where he would be tonight and said for you to report for duty in the morning. But I think you had better leave right away, before they discover my fraud. (*Draws map from doll.*) Here is where father is to meet with the men, tonight, by that tall birch, on the north side of that swamp. If you hurry you can reach there just about the time they pitch camp.

*Dick.* Yes, I guess it will be better. I'll go get on my things now.

*Nancy.* Wait—I've bad news. I saved the worst until the last. Page has been captured. Those British have him now.

*Dick.* Page? (*Starts forward.*) He was out as a spy, was he not?

*Nancy.* Yes.

*Dick.* (*Falls on bench.*) Page—dear old fellow. Nancy, he was on a very dangerous mission.

*Nancy.* Yes, I know.

*Dick.* And if the British get those papers! We're lost, the whole army is lost. They were fortifications of Washington, that he was sending General Green. British territory must be crossed to reach the messenger from Washington, and Uncle John sent Robert. Poor old fellow. But, Nancy, those papers—I dread to think of the consequences if the British get at them. I can't realize it. Nancy—Rob.—the dear old fellow. I must go now, and tell Uncle and see if anything can be done. (*Sadly goes toward the house, followed by Nancy. Enter Dorothy.*)

*Dorothy.* Do you still want to walk to the gate?

*Nancy.* Dick, I'll go get your things. (*Exit.*)

*Dorothy.* Get your things? Why, where are you going?

*Dick.* Back to the field.

*Dorothy.* But you just told me you weren't well enough.

*Dick.* I'm not but it doesn't make any difference to anyone whether I take cold in my shoulder and die, or whether I'm caught and hung as a spy. (*Sinks disconsolately on bench.*)

*Dorothy.* (*Starts toward him. Hesitates, then slowly.*) Oh, Dick, you shouldn't say that. You know your mother and Susan care and General Haywood—an' Nancy—an'—Robert Page—

*Dick.* They don't count. (*Aside.*) Poor old Rob. (*Sighs.*)

*Dorothy.* (*Starts toward him.*) But you will be careful, won't you Dick?

*Dick.* Don't see why I should, I tell you nobody cares—(*Gets up and starts toward house.*)

*Dorothy.* Well—Dick—I care.

*Dick.* Dorothy! (*Turns toward her.*)

*Dorothy.* (*Backing away.*) Oh, of course I mean—I mean I don't want to see you hurt.

*Dick.* (*Taking both her hands in his uninjured one.*) Dorothy, tell me you love me, and I'll go out on the field and be careful. Say you don't, and I'll—(*Glances over his shoulder.*) I'll stay here and let the British catch me and hang me.

*Dorothy.* The British?

*Dick.* Yes, the British! Look coming over the hill. They're after me. Shall I give myself up, or hike for the woods? Do you love me?

*Dorothy.* I like you—(*Dick sits down*)—Yes, I love you—I do—I do. Please, dear Dick, hurry. Don't let them catch you. (*Enter Mrs. H. with cartridge belt, Susan with cap, and Nancy with gun.*)

*Dick.* (*Takes belt, cap and gun.*) I must hurry, the British are in sight on the hill there now. Good-bye, take good care of yourselves. (*Exit.*)

*Mrs. H.* Come girls, let's get in doors. I always feel safer. Oh, I do hope the dear boy will hurry. (*Glances toward the place where Dick left. All start toward house.* Nancy runs, picks up Dorothy's bag, that has been left on the bench.. *She takes out letters and puts bag back.*)

*Nancy.* Susan, Susan. (*Exit Mrs. H. and Dorothy.*)

*Susan.* (*Turning.*) What is it, Nancy?

*Nancy.* I found all these letters. Can I have them to cut into paper dolls?

*Susan.* Let me see them. (*Gasps.*) No! Give them to me. (*Drops on bench. Nancy stands behind smiling.*) Where did you get them?

*Nancy.* Found 'em down by the road, all covered with leaves. (*Gallop heard faintly.*)

*Susan.* When?

*Nancy.* Oh,—the other day. (*Susan reads, laughs, and cries, hugs the whole packet.*)

*Susan.* Oh you dear. (*Hugs Nancy.*) To think that I so misjudged you. Here are letters dated every few days for the past—oh months. (*Galloping heard near at hand.*) (*Enter Mrs. H.*)

*Mrs. H.* Girls, come here at once. (*Nancy and Susan start toward house. Enter Colonel Livingston and Major Abbot and an orderly.*)

*Colonel L.* Pardon this intrusion, madam. You're Mrs. Haywood, I believe. (*Mrs. H. nods.*) I am Colonel Livingston, a loyal subject to our most gracious King George.

*Mrs. H.* I am sorry, sir, that I cannot join with you in singing King George's praises.

*Colonel.* Madam, it pains me to inform you that your house shelters not only a spy, but also a lair. The former I must trouble you for.

*Mrs. H.* Will you be so kind as to explain yourself?

*Colonel.* A search will answer the purpose better than an explanation, since you take the attitude you do. Orderly, have the men surround the house. (*Exit Orderly.*) Major Abbot, come we'll search the house."

*Mrs. H.* Colonel Livingston!

*Colonel L.* I'm sorry, Madam. But your son is far too dangerous to let slip through our fingers. If you will produce him, much trouble may be avoided.

*Mrs. H.* I give you my word that my son is not in my house. Nor do I know where he is.

*Colonel.* I'm sorry, Madam, that I cannot take your word for it. One person in your household can tell lies at any rate. This little lady, (*pointing at Nancy*) has a lively imagination and should be dealt with severely. Major Abbot, we will search the house now. (*Exit both.*)

*Mrs. H.* Nancy, come here. Have you ever spoken to this man before?

*Nancy.* Yes, just a while ago.

*Mrs. H.* Where?

*Nancy.* Here.

*All.* Here?

*Nancy.* Yes, right here.

*Dorothy.* What did he want?

*Nancy.* Dick.

*All.* Dick!

*Mrs. H.* What did you tell him?

*Nancy.* I told him—that I didn't like him (*holds head*). Oh, yes, and that Dick didn't either,—and that he'd gone out riding.

*Mrs. H.* What made you tell that?

*Nancy.* To see if he'd believe me. (*brightening*). And he did too.

(Enter Peter rolling his eyes and running.)

*Uncle Peter.* Oh, Missus, Oh, Missus; Poah Marse Page—Poah—

*Mrs. H.* What is it, Peter, tell me?

*Peter.* Dey got him all tied up—and he—

*Mrs. H.* Him? What him? Who?

*Peter.* Marse Page. Dey got him tied up on a horse, and when I axed one of dem red-coats what dey's agwine teah do wid him—dey 'jes laugh and say he'd be swingin' from a nice, tall, tree in dah mornin'.

*Susan.* Oh, mother, not Page—not truly—oh Uncle Peter, say it's not true—Dorothy—Oh—(*Cries on mother's shoulder. Exit Dorothy, back.*) Please see,—Oh, Mother, Mother. What can we do?

*Mrs. H.* There, there, dear, maybe Uncle Peter was mistaken. Don't cry so. Surely—(*Re-enter Dorothy, frightened.*)

*Dorothy.* Susan—

*Susan.* Oh, Dorothy—was it—Oh, no, no, no. It wasn't—It couldn't—not truly; Oh, tell me, tell me.

*Dorothy.* Yes, Susan, it is Lieutenant Page. (*Susan throws herself back into her mother's arms weeping.*)

*Mrs. H.* Calm yourself, dea-r. Here comes Colonel Livingston. (*Enter Colonel Livingston and Major Abbot. Exit Susan back.*)

*Colonel.* Mrs. Haywood, I did not find your son. But I will have to make your house my headquarters for a day or two. I shall make as little trouble as possible. Only Major Abbot and myself will stay in the house. My scouts will pitch their tents in the pasture there. A spy has been traced back and forth between the British and Colonial lines, so this precaution must be taken.

*Mrs. H.* I shall do my best to make you comfortable. If you will come now, I'll take you to your room. (*Exit Mrs. H., Dorothy, and Major Abbot. Colonel Livingston starts, enter Orderly with Susan.*)

*Orderly.* Colonel Livingston, just a minute please. (*Colonel turns round.*) Did you give this young lady permission to speak to our prisoner?

*Colonel.* Indeed, I did not. I am glad you detained her. That will do. (*Exit Orderly.*)

*Susan.* Oh, Mr. Officer, can't I just speak one word to your prisoner?

*Colonel.* No, my dear, young lady, I'm sorry, but you cannot.

*Susan.* Why not?

*Colonel.* It's against all rules to let strangers talk to captives, especially spies.

*Susan.* But I give you my word of honor it—it is entirely a personal matter. Please just a few words.

*Colonel.* No, I have no doubt but what it is personal. The spy that has been traced crossing the lines is thought by some to be a woman. (*He watches her closely.*)

*Susan.* (*Thinking.*) Could—might—if I write a note, would you have it delivered? (*Enter Orderly.*)

*Orderly.* Major Abbot and Mrs. Haywood are wait-

ing for you to inspect the living room to see if it suits you for your headquarters.

*Colonel.* No, Miss Haywood, you cannot, and must not communicate with my prisoner. (*Exit with orderly.* Susan looks off back, then turns and goes sadly back to the house.)

(*During this time Nancy has been sitting on bench, thinking. And Uncle Peter has been sitting behind the woodpile, like a frightened rabbit. As Susan leaves he comes from behind the woodpile, C., and gazes at Nancy.*)

*Peter.* Miss Nancy, ain't dar somethin' you can do foah Marse Page?

*Nancy.* I'm just thinking, Uncle Peter. (*Pause.*) Oh, we must. Will you help?

*Peter.* Dat I will, honey. Jes' you tell dis heah ole niggah what ter do, I'se gwine do it, jes' like you say. Poah little Miss Susan, 'jes cryin' her pretty eyes out. Course I'se gwine help. What you want me ter do? (*Nancy still thinks.*) You'se a spy, you must know something. (*Pause.*)

*Nancy.* Uncle Peter, I believe I have it! With your help we'll save Lieutenant Page and fool these British yet.

QUICK CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV.

(*Scene, same as Acts I. and II. Colonel Livingston is sitting at table writing, C. Enter Orderly. Salutes.*)

*Orderly.* Major Abbot, sir.

*Colonel.* Tell him to enter. (*Enter Abbot and salutes.*) Well, what news?

*Major.* No traces of young Haywood. Here are orders from General Cornwallis. (*Hands to him. General reads.*)

*Colonel.* We have orders to go on the march tonight. Make a juncture with General Tarlaton's men at daybreak. He is to attack a part of General Green's troops under Morgan at Cowpens, in the morning.

*Major.* Well, 'twill be an easy victory for such a man as Tarlaton.

*Colonel.* Then why does he need my little handful of men?

*Major.* The messenger who gave me this about noon said General Greene had greatly improved his men, and that he was expected to leave his encampment on the Pee Dee River and meet Morgan, and go North, so we won't be needed here any longer.

*Colonel.* Needed! Needed! If Cornwallis knew the trickery of these confounded rebel spies, and the progress they've made around here lately—Well, we'd both likely be court-martialed. Orderly,—(Enter *Orderly*)—Go have Johnson make ready for a twelve mile ride. Here—give him this order and have him take this dispatch to Tarlaton. And Orderly—When you return there'll be a dispatch here for Captain Jenkins—Deliver it.

*Orderly.* Yes, sir— (Salutes and Exits.)

(*Colonel Livingston* writes. *Major Abbot* takes off cap and settles himself in a chair.)

*Colonel.* That dispatch told Tarlaton that we'd arrive at Cowpens at daybreak. And—er—(writes some more)—I'll tell Jenkins to have the men ready by nine to leave. There—(folds and seals). (Enter *Peter*.)

*Peter.* Dinnah am servahed.

*Major.* Well, Rastus, it's time—It's time—Come Colonel.

*Colonel.* I'm coming. I'm coming. (Exit all.)

(*Peter* takes out all but one candle. *Nancy* sticks her head out of fireplace, and then crawls out, slips to door, listens, then goes to window and listens. Tiptoes back to table and opens order. Noise heard outside.)

*Lieut. Page. (Outside of French window.)* Nancy, Nancy.

*Nancy.* Is that you, Lieutenant? (Goes and opens window.) Come quickly.

*Page. (Glancing around.)* How did you do it?

*Nancy.* With Peter's help. You didn't think I would sit here and let them—let them. You must have known I would do something. Are they really going to hang you?

*Page.* Yes, Nancy, that's the penalty of a careless spy.

*Nancy.* But your dispatches. Washington's fortifications.

*Page.* I've saved those. (Draws locket from pocket inside his coat.) If you can save them and get them to your father, my mission will have been fulfilled, and I can die knowing that I've served my country well.

*Nancy.* What chance have you of getting through the lines?

*Page.* None.

*Nancy.* Then, I must.

*Page.* But, Nancy, you shan't risk yourself. Your father would never get over it, if anything should happen to you.

*Nancy.* How many men will be in father's camp tonight?

*Page.* About twelve, I think.

*Nancy.* That won't do. (Thinks.) I have it. Here's an order to Captain Jenkins for his men to march north tonight, to meet with Tarlaton and attack Morgan at Cowpens tomorrow. I'll change these orders a trifle, divide the British Scouts, then go for our men. In that way you'll be saved and Tarlaton will be deprived of about fifty men. (Sits at table and copies Colonel's order.)

*Page.* But, can't they tell the difference in your handwriting?

*Nancy.* I think not. If I'm very careful.

*Page.* I don't see how I'm to be saved, yet.

*Nancy.* If I cut Livingston's men away from the house, Father can certainly capture the two officers, an orderly, and a sentinel, and release you.

*Page.* Well, what are to become of the men you are sending to the forks of the road?

*Nancy.* After their Colonel and Major are captured, they won't hold out long, then we can follow, attack the retreating flank of the half marching north, and there you are.

*Page.* I only hope it will be as easy as it sounds.

*Nancy.* There, doesn't that look like this? (*Holds up both orders. Three sharp raps heard on the window.*) That's Uncle Peter. The orderly's coming. We must hide. (*Leave order on table. They hide. Enter Orderly. He takes up order and Exits.*) Now you be careful until I get back. (*He hands her the dispatch.*)

*Page.* Nancy, I feel cowardly, letting you go those five miles on a night like this. Don't you think—

*Nancy.* Yes, I think I had better hurry. I can get a horse about a quarter of a mile from here, ride to the camp with your precious dispatch, and be back in less time than it takes to tell.

*Page.* Do you suppose there is any possible chance of my seeing Susan?

*Nancy.* Yes, I'll get Uncle Peter to bring her. (*Exit. Page paces up and down.*)

*Page.* I'm a fool! She doesn't love me. She said so. And why go through the pain of hearing her say it again. (*Re-enter Nancy in long cloak and hood and doll.*)

*Nancy.* She'll be here in a few minutes. Now don't worry. In two hours you'll be a free man. (*Exit French window.*)

*Page.* Yes, if all goes well. (*Goes to window.*) I wish you Godspeed, little girl. If only she gets through the lines successfully, she'll be all right. There's noth-

ing cowardly about Nancy Haywood. She's handled some of the most important missions ever undertaken by a spy. I feel ashamed of myself. There she goes? Out into the night, a mere child, to save me. While I stand here and twirl my thumbs like a woman. (Enter Susan.)

*Page.* Susan! (Takes both her hands in his, and looks lovingly into her face.)

*Susan.* Robert, dear, I got your letters. Forgive my unjust suspicions.

*Page.* And you still love me, Susan?

*Susan.* Yes, yes, but do you forgive me?

*Page.* Forgive you? Forgive you? Why my dear little girl, you have made me so happy telling me once more that you love me, that I'd forgive you the greatest crime ever committed.

*Susan.* Oh, dear, are you to be—will they—

*Page.* Yes, Susan, I'm a spy.

*Susan.* Is there no hope?

*Page.* No. (looking out window). It's useless. I feel that it's all over. Susan, I've fulfilled an important mission for my country and you've told me again that you love me. I can die a contented man at daybreak. (Enter Colonel and Major.)

*Colonel.* Ahah; so Miss Haywood, you plead a headache, to leave the dining room to come and talk to my prisoner in my headquarters.

*Susan.* In my own home. (Enter Mrs. H.)

*Colonel.* Major Abbot, take him to the lock house and have him tied securely and tell the guard I'll hold him personally responsible if this man gets out again. And make it clear. There has been too much spying around here, to suit me. I'll put an end to it. These greenhorn, country outlaws, can't cope with English tactics. I'll—

*Mrs. H.* Colonel Livingston, as a special favor, I beg of you to allow this boy to be confined in the house. It's a damp, raw, night outside. He is an old family friend.

I feel toward him as I do my own son. Have you a son?

*Colonel.* (*Huskily.*) Yes.

*Mrs. H.* Then for your own son's sake, let this boy sleep in a comfortable place tonight. That old storage room is damp and ill-built. Please grant me this favor. The first I've asked of you since you've taken my house.

*Colonel.* A prisoner's a—

*Mrs. H.* Human. If your boy were to be hanged for fighting for his country's freedom, fighting heart and soul for what he thought right, wouldn't you want some one to treat him kindly?

*Colonel.* Smythe. (*Enter Orderly.*)

*Orderly.* Yes, sir.

*Colonel.* Take this man wherever Mrs. Haywood says. And keep your eye on him, understand?

*Orderly.* Yes, sir. (*Exit Page, Orderly, and Mrs. H.*)

*Susan.* Colonel Livingston, is he to be—are you—going to—to—

*Colonel.* Yes, Miss Susan, we captured him as a spy, and he must be hanged. (*Susan gasps. Then desperately.*)

*Susan.* But surely—

*Colonel.* Miss Susan, do you realize that you have put yourself under suspicion by showing yourself to be so interested in my prisoner? In fact, I have you watched every step you take away from the house.

*Susan.* (*Surprised.*) May I ask why?

*Colonel.* I have explained to you that we are looking for the spy that has been going in and out of our lines.

*Susan.* (*Pointing toward door.*) Do you think that he is the one?

*Colonel.* (*Crossly.*) I don't know: You are acting very queerly.

*Susan.* If you think that I'm the spy, why are you going to hang him? Oh, please, won't you just keep him as a prisoner of war?

*Colonel.* I'm sorry, Miss Susan, that you are so interested in this spy. And remember your own movements are watched. We'll be a night's ride from here. Major Abbot, as the Orderly is occupied would you step down to Captain Jenkins' tent and tell him to have the men ready in twenty minutes to go on the march. (*Exit Major Abbot, enter Mrs. H.*)

*Mrs. H.* Colonel Livingston, are you leaving?

*Colonel.* Yes, madam, we leave in twenty minutes. I'll see that your friend gets a horse part of the time on the march. Thank you for your kindness. I wish you were glad at the service you have rendered King George, and I hope the next time I have the pleasure of meeting you ladies, it will be—(*Enter Major Abbot hurriedly.*)

*Major.* Colonel, Captain Jenkins and all the scouts have gone. Rastus, come here. (*Enter Peter.*)

*Colonel.* Gone?

*Major.* Yes, Rastus said they left an hour ago. Just as we finished dinner.

*Colonel.* Where did they go? Where did they go? Answer me you black ape, you.

*Peter.* Haf, haf of 'em went towahed de forks, and haf of 'em went up the road.

*Colonel.* I never gave any such order. I'll teach Jenkins to disobey my orders. Major Abbot, tell Smythe to bring his prisoner and come here. (*Exit Major.*)

*Colonel paces floor, muttering.* Enter Smythe, with Page and Major.

*Colonel.* Smythe, did you give Captain Jenkins my order?

*Smythe.* Yes, sir.

*Colonel.* When?

*Smythe.* Right after you sat down to dinner, sir.

*Colonel.* Did Jenkins read the order to his men?

*Orderly.* No sir. He read it and then ordered his men to divide one half to go north, up the road, and the other half to go to the forks of the road. By the time

I got back to the house they were in their saddles and off.

*Colonel.* I never wrote any such order. What paper did you take?

*Orderly.* One lying right here, sir, on the corner of this table.

*Colonel.* Major Abbot, did you touch that order?

*Major.* No, Colonel, I did not.

*Colonel.* There's been a spy in this house. (*Turns on Page.*) You did it, did you?

*Orderly.* Colonel, I'm sure no one entered the house before I came back after the order. Jackson stood watch on the front porch, and Stevenson was on sentinel duty in the rear. They're both reliable men, Colonel.

*Colonel.* Then it is some one in the house that changed the order. (*Turns on them.*) Where's that little idiot? She fooled me once, but she can't do it again. Go get her, you black thing. (*Exit Peter.*) Smythe, did anyone enter this room between the time I left, and you returned for the order?

*Orderly.* If anyone did, Jackson didn't report it, sir. And I told him to let no one enter, unless he entered with them.

*Colonel.* Jenkins is a numb-skull. He ought to have better sense than to have followed such an order. He might have known that I didn't write any such order. (*Re-enter Peter.*)

*Peter.* Miss Nancy, ain't in her room, sah.

*Colonel.* Not in her room? The little dunce. Where can she be? (*Mrs. H. and girls look anxious.*) Well, we're wasting time. Abbot, mount your horse and ride with Smythe to the forks of the road and bring that half of my forces. (*Exit Major and Smythe.*) Now, ladies, do you know where that little crazy girl is?

*Mrs. H.* Indeed I do not, Colonel. Would that I did. I supposed her safe in her room. Girls, do you know where she is?

*Susan.* No, mother, I do not.

*Dorothy.* I haven't seen her since this afternoon.

*Mrs. H.* Well, come, we must hunt for her. (*All start out. Enter Major and Orderly with Nancy.*)

*Major.* We found her unsaddling a fast-ridden horse in the stable, Colonel.

*Colonel.* So. You're crazy and still can manage a horse on a dark, foggy, night like this. Still hugging that doll? (*Snatches it from her, it falls on the floor and makes a loud thump. All start. Nancy gasps. Col. picks it up and pulls out pistol and a dispatch. Reads dispatch.*) Ahah; a dispatch to General Greene. So, I suppose you still claim to be crazy. Yes, crazy people usually are spies.

*Nancy.* So I have judged lately.

*Colonel.* Now, look here, little girl, no need to be smart. I've caught you in a hole now. Did you change my order? (*Laying pistol on table.*)

*Nancy.* I did.

*Colonel.* Then you'll hang in the morning with that fellow there. (*Points at Page.*) You thought you could fool me didn't you?

*Nancy.* I have all day.

*Colonel.* Then you'll stand up here and admit that you knew what you were doing?

*Nancy.* Yes, I'm a spy of the United Colonies. I'm the spy that has crossed back and forth through the British lines for the past year, and I'm proud of it.

*Colonel.* You won't talk so at daybreak, and that's not very far off.

*Nancy.* He laughs best, who laughs last.

*Mrs. H.* Colonel, the child does not know what she's talking about. Her mind is not right. (*Goes to cupboard.*) Here is the letter her father wrote me. (*He reads. Nancy slips anxiously to the window and listens. Catches Page's eye and shakes her head doubtfully.*)

*Colonel.* (To Nancy.) So, General Haywood, of the Continental Scouts is your father?

*Nancy.* Yes, and if you have caught me, you haven't caught my father.

*Colonel.* You've all been fooling me. All of you. But you'll regret it when I hang them both in the morning. (Shakes finger at them. Enter Orderly, running.)

*Orderly.* Colonel, the yard is full of rebel scouts. They've surrounded the house.

*Colonel.* (Wildly.) We're trapped. Quick boys, to the window. (Colonel, Major, and Orderly start for the window. Nancy hands Page her pistol.)

*Page.* Halt! Hands off those swords. Hands up high. High, I say. (Enter General Haywood and Dick.)

*General H.* Surrender in the name of the United States of AMERICA.

*Nancy.* And we won't be hanged in the morning.

(Curtain down to *Star Spangled Banner*.)

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